

THE STRANGE GUEST.

He brought a branch of olive—
This stranger guest of mine;
Could I deny him entrance,
Who bore the peaceful sign?
Ah no! I had him welcome,
I set him meat and wine;
But while he drank and feasted,
How laughed his eyes divine!

I took the branch of olive
(The sweetest plant that grows),
I hung it with the rose,
—But why to me this token,
Who never lacked repose?
Why this to me, I questioned,
"Who know no feud nor foes?"

He smiled beneath the olive—
This strangest stranger guest.
A branch from off the thorn-tree
Had told his errand best;
For since my heart he entered
There's ne'er a heart at rest.
To mock me with the olive!
—But Love doth love his jest.
—Edith M. Thomas, in the Atlantic.

A TALE OF RUE.

all the tired passengers of the mid-
express bound eastward over the
Colony road, perhaps there was not
more thoroughly used than John
Rue, Esq., of the law firm of Cole-
man, Riggs, Ashland, Massachusetts.

On the morning of November 1, when
he started for San Francisco, till the
day of December 1, he had been
tightly on the wing. To aggravate
the fatigue, the trip, in a business view,
was highly unsatisfactory, if not
necessary.

As he drew nearer home his social
instincts softened. Stretching his long
limbs across the seat, he spread
himself out between his aching
shoulders and the glare of the bobbing lamps,
and indulged in tender speculations.
He would look when he appeared
the next morning, two days earlier
than he had promised? She might be
watering her plants in the bay-window,
and he would be left there, as usual,
to "good morning, Rue," and she
would drop her watering-pot and rush
to him, all smiles and blushes, cry-
ing, "Oh, John! John! how glad I am
to see you! how I've missed you!"

He was warm-hearted, impulsive little
creature. She certainly was fond of him.
He had been so long away from such a
creature to reproach her about Mr.
Coleman.

He was convinced now for the fellow,
and only been cordial with him in
the office, girlish way. What charming,
feminine ways she had! The lover's
merger into a dream. Mr. Coleman
was unconscious of the lacking of
him at B—, and of the entrance of
the young gentleman into the seat in
his name of Miss Rue Haywood.
Spoken almost in his ear, aroused
like an electric shock.

Miss Rue Lynde is bewitched with her,
plain," continued the voice. "He's
been a fine time out of Coleman's ab-
sence."

"Perfect," said an answering voice.
"I say Miss Rue wouldn't mind
my taking himself off for good."
"You're an able man. You know there's
nothing running him for Congress."
"Yes; he's a dig," said all that; but
it's a mere jest. Makes Miss Rue
spanish, I hear. By-the-way, how
did Mr. Lynde come on with
her? I had to cut last re-
cently. Miss Rue's solo will bring
down the house. Lynde thinks the en-
tertainment will foot up at least one hun-
dred dollars toward the new organ. He's
a saint. I believe that instrument
will be Miss Rue in his affections,
and get the music out of it, though?
"Yes, her's Ashland!"

Speaking beneath his newspaper, Mr.
Coleman had recognized the voices as
those of two college students returning
from a lecture at B—. Forgetful at last
of the lecture, weariness and headache,
he waited till the youths had left the
train walked out at the opposite end,
and the evidence so gratuitously afford-
ed. How far could he rely on current
opinion? What attitude should he as-
sume toward Rue? Morning found him
decided. He must be governed by
his own manner. As a test of her
feelings toward him he would ask her for
a sake to withdraw from the opera.
It was a lie she would do this cheer-
fully. If she would not—Mr. Cole-
man had not provided for the latter con-
sistency when Bridget ushered him into
Haywood's parlor. Miss Rue and
Lynde were practicing a duet for the
opera, both too rapt to observe the in-
truder, a fact inexplicable on musical
grounds to poor Mr. Coleman, who did
not know the notes apart, or care to know
them.

According to his inference, the
young people were absorbed in each
other, and he was off in limbo. Under
such circumstances it may not be strange
that, that instant spied by Miss
Rue, was not the face of an amiable man,
promptly reminded Mr. Lynde of a
young pupil, and having congratulated
Coleman on his safe return, he led his
music under his arm and de-
parted in haste.

Miss Rue wheeled the big easy-chair in
front of the grate, playfully forced her
suitor into it, and perched herself
in her arm to hear about his journey.
"Have you been ill? No? Then he must
be a saint. I believe that instrument
will be Miss Rue in his affections,
and get the music out of it, though?
"Yes, her's Ashland!"

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SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX CO., N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1885.

"Been doing a stiff business, I sup-
pose, driving out with the ladies?"
"He's been driving out with Miss
Haywood some. I haven't seen him with
anybody else."
The invalid suppressed another groan.
"They've been looking at dishes and
curtains and things."
Mr. Coleman rose savagely upon his
elbow. This was ten thousand times
worse than he had dreamed. "The
story I've heard, then, is true, Harry?
Mr. Lynde is going to be married."
"Why, how did you know, Mr. Cole-
man? He said it was a secret. He let
me go all over his house yesterday—he's
hired Linn's cottage, corner of Vine
street—and things shine, I tell you. You
ought to see those carpets. Miss
Haywood helped him pick 'em out. The
other woman don't suspect a thing."
"What other woman?"
"Why, the woman Mr. Lynde is going
to marry. She lives down in Maine.
She thinks after the wedding on Christ-
mas she's coming with Mr. Lynde to
his boarding-house; but instead of that,
she's going to fetch her right home to
this lullaby cottage. I'll bet she'll be sur-
prised."
Mr. Coleman dropped back upon the
pillow with an expression a Raphael
might have despaired of reproducing.
He lay there a few minutes reflecting,
then sat bolt upright, his towel be-
hind him in bold relief against the mahogany
headboard.

"I'll draw the lamp, Harry, please,
draw up the curtains, and hand me my
writing desk there on the table. I'll
give you a dollar if you'll carry a mes-
sage to Miss Haywood for my this morn-
ing."
"Bless my soul, Coleman, you're as
tough as a pine knot!" exclaimed the
doctor, bolting in as his patient sealed
the note. You had agree enough last
night to shake a sensitive mortal into the
grave, and here you're up and attending
to business. Let's feel your pulse. Rapid
yet, but softer. If you're prudent you'll
be out in a few days."
Harry rushed off on his errand, and
delivered Mr. Coleman's billet into the
hands of Miss Rue herself, who in his
private opinion looked very sober and
rejoiced.

"DEAR RUE" (thus ran the missive)—
"I've been having a chill, one of the
bone-deep cast-iron kind. I hope you'll
do me the favor to believe it was coming
on at your house. If I raved furiously
and behaved worse than a savage, as I
know I did, do forgive me, dear. I'm
coming to beg pardon on my knees as
soon as they are firm enough. Inclosed
please find your ring. Ever this,
John."
"P. S.—Don't on any account with-
draw from the opera."
"Poor dear soul, how ill he must have
been!" mused loving little Rue, slipping
the cherished ring back upon her finger.
"But I hope he isn't going to be subject
to these chills," she added, with a de-
jected look. "I do hope he isn't, for
the sake of both of us."—Pam Shirley, in
the Bazar.

A Coal Queen.

Maud St. Pierre, of Tennessee, has
come to be called "The Coal Queen."
She bought a lot of land from a
Southerner who was obliged to sell the
same because he was in great need of
funds, and it has been found to be full
of coal and other mineral treasures.
Asked by a reporter if she fancied the
sort of life she was leading, away from
civilization, she replied that she did,
and continued: "Here are mountains,
natural and commercial grandeur, pure
air and the most absolute independence.
Here (and the lady drew a rough chart)
is the spot where I am building my cabin.
You see it is right on a mountain spur,
equidistant from the two roads lead-
ing to the mines. The view is superb,
and it will not be your typical cabin when I
get it finished. The interior will be
tapestried in Queen Anne style, and
with my books and horses, which can't I
be happy on that mountain peak among
the clouds? Men are the most peculiar
individuals. They seem to think all
valuable rights of property and senti-
ment are reserved for their special
amusement. Now, I have a coal black
maid, a cousin of Maud S., fleet as a whirl-
wind, and more intelligent than most
persons I meet. In the early blush of the
morning I leap on Mollie's back, gallop
up to the mines, inspect the works, and
when I start out for a long brush over
the hills do you suppose that because I
happen to have long hair and wear a hat,
I can't feel a glow of satisfaction in trav-
eling a whole day over my own pos-
sessions?"
"Business is not an intricate thing by
any means. The principles are simple
enough. I hate a lie and love fair deal-
ing. When I first began operations at
the mine the wisecracks down there were
full of advice. It had been customary to
pay day laborers at the rate of twenty
five cents, and the pay came in the shape
of bacon at twenty-five cents a pound.
This was all nonsense. I gave my men a
dollar a day. This was supposed to be
fatal, and I was sagely informed that it
would lead to demoralization and that I
wouldn't have a single hand in a
week. In order to offset possibilities, I
established the rule of cold water to
drink, and from that day to this I have
not lost one hand and I am working
sixty."—Woman's Works.

Three Pounds of Iron in Him.

A professional carpet layer said to a
New York reporter: I remember dis-
tinctly the first tack I ever swallowed. I
was then learning carpet laying. I was
helping to put down a fine "ducker" in
Vanderbilt's residence in New York. I
had my mouth full of tacks and one
slipped down my throat before I knew
it. It scared me to death. I sprang to
my feet, spit the tacks out of my mouth
and declared that I would die because I
had swallowed a tack. The other work-
men, all old hands with stomachs full of
tacks, laughed at me and told me I'd
get used to it. Well, after swallowing
that first tack I was careful how I filled
my mouth for a long time but finally an-
other and another tack went down until
I became accustomed to it, and now I
don't care a cent for swallowing a tack.
I have been laying carpets for years and
I guess I have gotten outside of three
pounds of iron since I began.

To produce a sensation by an original
performance, a young man in the city of
Mexico attempted to commit suicide by
stabbing himself with a corkscrew.

EXPLOSIONS IN POWDER MILLS.

Some Narrow Escapes—Why One Man
Left the Business.

A writer in the New York Tribune,
who has an eye for an eye in a pow-
der mill, says:

One who has never looked upon the
scene after a heavy mill has exploded
cannot imagine the destruction involved
in the immense force exerted by a ton or
two of first-class powder. The first ex-
plosion after my connection with the
works occurred in the packing house
where the powder was being put in kegs
for delivery to the government. It took
place about 7 o'clock on a short Decem-
ber morning, just as I was eating my
breakfast. A pane of glass from the
window six feet away suddenly slapped
the side of my head, and at the same
time I heard and felt a tremendous re-
port and heavy jar which made me think
that death was coming to an end. Run-
ning out of the mill I saw a column
of smoke shooting up in the air, all the
tree tops in the vicinity of the building
were full of burning powder bags which
gave the scene a strangely weird look
in the twilight of a dismal winter's morn-
ing. The only occupant of the mill was
blown into a thousand pieces, the largest
bit found being his left arm.
These relics of poor humanity were
scattered around in the woods for
fully half a mile from the mill. At night
when the corner arrived to hold an in-
quest he asked for the corpse. Some one
silently pointed to a peach basket placed
on the stone wall, it was full of small
pieces of flesh and bones, all that was left
of a stalwart man. The victim's wife
and daughter were in the house he had
occupied not over 200 feet from the mill;
the house was raked to pieces, but
neither received a scratch, and the horse
in the stable beside the house was found
roaming around the yard unharmed.

The next explosion that I witnessed
took place at noon of a July day. The
day in the yard about the mills had been
cut and eight or ten men had been work-
ing around the coming mill all the fore-
noon drawing the hay away to the barn.
At noon they went to dinner, and while
they were eating the mill exploded, kill-
ing only its regular attendant. If it had
occurred either an hour earlier or
later eight or ten lives would have been
lost. The mill stood on the bank of a
pond, and the water in the pond was
explosion forced the water completely
out of the pond and over the dam, leav-
ing nothing but the creek running
through the center. Where the building
had stood a pit was dug large enough to
hold a two-story house.

At one time a man was discharged
from the works for neglect of duty. A
foreman after the mill one of the em-
ployees in the village near and ques-
tioned him as to whether the men who
worked at night were changed at the
same hours as formerly. He was an-
swered in the affirmative. "That night
about 11 o'clock I was awakened by a
violent pounding on the door and a
voice proclaiming that the office was
on fire." This building stood on a
rather steep hill near. It was a combi-
nation of office and carpenter shop, and
was used on occasion as a storage house
for powder when other places were full.
On hearing the cry of fire I pulled on my
clothes—in my excitement getting inside
of two vests—and started out of the
house, picking up a pair of trousers on
my way. I found the foreman, a tall
tall Yankee, shouting, "That's right," said
he, "hurry up and follow me!" He
threw himself against the door and burst
it open. There was the fire flaming in
one corner of the carpenter shop. A
large pile of shavings had been raked up
and set on fire apparently by a slow-
match. As we entered the flames began
to gather and they burned up brightly.
At that moment I happened to
think that there were about two hundred
kegs of powder stored in the room di-
rectly over the carpenter shop and that
the floor between consisted only of loose
boards laid down on the beams! My
courage came near leaving me and I
shouted to the foreman, who was before
me: "For God's sake, come back!"
The last explosion I witnessed, I know
that, said he coolly, "but we must put
out the fire." Taking off his coat, he
threw it over the shavings and then
threw himself full length
on top of it. At the same time
he called out to me: "Now throw on the
water!" and I did it, thoroughly drench-
ing him and checking the flames tempo-
rarily. By and by the other workmen
came running up the fire was out. Turn-
ing and grasping me by the hand the
brave Yankee exclaimed: "I would not
have entered this building in the face of
such danger as threatened us for all the
company is worth if I hadn't thought it
was my duty." Examination showed
that the office had been robbed of several
costly rifles and other things, and when
the fire was started by the other workmen.
Several days after the employe who had
met the discharged workman on the day
of the fire happened to remember about
his interview with him and reported it.
Two or three other suspicious circum-
stances were recalled, he was arrested,
and all the stolen goods found in his
possession. He had robbed the office and
set fire to the building in revenge for his
dismissal, little thinking and perhaps
little caring how many lives might have
been lost in consequence. If the fire had
not been discovered at its start and had
communicated with the powder, the result
would have been terrible to the whole
settlement. The criminal was sent to
State prison for seven years.

The last explosion I witnessed, and
the one which finally led me to leave the
hills, has a little ghost story connected
with it which made the incredulous
laugh, but which nevertheless occurred
just as I tell it. One evening in June I
started for home about 10 o'clock. It
was a bright moonlight night and a
warm one, and my road lay along a nar-
row causeway and over a bridge between
two large ponds. The water looking in-
viting, I concluded to take a swim all
by myself. So I undressed and plunged
in. I had finished my bath and was
dressing to go home when I happened to
glance in the direction of one of the
mills, only a part of the roof of which
was visible from where I stood. As I
looked at the mill I saw resting on
the peak of the roof and facing directly
toward me something that looked exactly
like a human skull that had been coated
with phosphor and was all aflame.
The empty eye sockets and the grinning
jaws gave it a decidedly "hair-raising"
appearance, and I felt my heart going

A RARE OLD BIBLE.

The New Testament of the 11th Cen-
tury—Some Computations.

In the window of A. Wanless, the
well-known Woodstock antique and
modern book collector, is now ex-
hibited a rare old Bible, which some time
ago came into his possession. It is
bound with time and worn by its
struggles through 300 years of exist-
ence. It had worn out its first binding
thirty years after it was published, but
the heavy leather one that replaced it
has withstood two centuries and a half.
It is dilapidated and rather rusty and
there is a great breach in the back, but
it looks good for a number of years yet
to come. The title page reads:

THE NEWE TESTAMENT
Of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Conferred diligently with
the Greek original, and translated
transliterations in divers languages.
Imprinted at London
By the Deputies of Christoffe Barker,
Printer to the Queen's Majesty.
1589.

The title page is surrounded by en-
gravings of quaint figures, angels, just
men made perfect, etc.

The book is an English translation of
what is known as the Geneva Bible,
from having been first published at
Geneva. It was published in 1589 and
is nearly three hundred years old. The
earliest English Bible was the Coverdale,
translated from the "Douch and Lat'n"
and published on the continent in 1535.
This book is but fifty-four years its
junior, and five years older than the
Bishop Bible, so-called, with which it
has sometimes been confounded. It is
printed in heavy old English type, and
is what is called a "black letter" Bible.
Some of the vagaries of translation are
shown by this comparison of a few
verses from Ecclesiastes, chapter iii., as
published in the Geneva and the ordinary
King James version:

GENEVA. 18. I entered in. 18. I said in mine
mine heart the fate of heart concerning the
children of men, estate of the sons of
that God had purged away, that I might
manifest them, and that they might see
that they themselves
are beasts.

19. As the one dyeth. 19. For that which
dieth he other; for befallth the sons of
they have all one misdeed, both beasts;
and there is no even one thing befall-
excellence of maneth them; as the one
above the beast, for dieth dieth the other;
yet they have all one
breath; so that a man
hath no pre-eminence
above a beast; for all
is vanity.

20. All go to one. 20. All go unto one
place, and was of the place: all are of the
dust and in full cry, all turn to
turn to the dust.

21. Who knoweth. 21. Who knoweth
whether the spirit of the spirit of man that
man ascend upward, and the
and the spirit of the spirit of the beast that
beast defende down, goeth downward to
ward to the earth: the earth: Whereof
I have not knowledge. Therefore I have
there is nothing is nothing better than
better than that a man that a man should
rejoice in his living, much of his own
affairs, because that for that is his portion;
is his portion. For for who shall bring
who shall fee what he sees to see what shall
shall be after him. He after him, he after
him.

These celebrated verses from that mag-
nificent poem of the twilight of history,
the book of Job, will hardly be recog-
nized by those who are familiar with the
King James version:

Canst thou binde the unicorn with his
bande to labour in the furrow; or will he
plow the valleys after thee?
Canst thou draw out Luthian with an
hook, and with a line which thou shalt cast
down into his mire; canst thou pierce his
jaws with an angle?

And these from chapter xxxviii. are
scarcely less altered:

28. Who is the father of the rain, or who
hath begotten the droppes of the dew.
29. The winds are his ministers, and
the face of the depth is frozen.
31. Canst thou refrain the sweet influences
of the Pleiades; or loofe the bands of Orion.
When the Bible was rebounded early
in the seventeenth century there was bound
with it one of the earliest editions of
metrical Psalms. This portion of the
volume is very quaint, and although it is
considerably younger than the remainder
of the book it looks just about as an-
tiquated and rusty. It was printed in
1612 at London. The title page runs as
follows, although the appearance of the
page cannot be expressed in nineteenth
century type:

THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS,
collected into English meter
By THOMAS STERNHELD, John Hopkins,
and others, conferred with the Hebrew,
and set to new tunes, and after Ser-
S; forth and allowed to be sung in all
churches of all the people together, before
and after morning and evening pray-
er, also to be used in all other assem-
blies, and moreover in private
houses, for their Godly solace
and comfort. Printed by I. Blagden, at
all vngolly Songs and
Ballads, which thead
only to the nourish-
ment of the soules,
and not to the corrupting of
youth.

COLOSSIANS. III.—Let the word of God
dwell plentifully in you, as you have
heard, and in all wisdom, teaching
and exhorting one another in Psalms,
Hymnes and spiritual songs and frag unto
the Lord in your hearts.
LXXV.—If any be afflicted, let him Pray,
if any be merry, let him sing Psalms.

The first Psalm, as it appeared in this
early church rhythm, opened as fol-
lows:—
Ye man is blest that hath not
bent to wicked reed hesure;
Nor led his life as fanners doe,
nor fate in foellers chaire.
But in the law of God the Lord
doth let his whole delight;
And in that law doth ex-reise himself
both day and night.
It takes some effort to recognize in the
following the beautiful twenty-second
Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I
shall not want":
The Lord is onely my fupport,
and he that doth me fee-
How can I then lacke anything
whereof I stand in need.
He doth me fold in costs most safe,
the tender grass he feed.
An after drives me to the freames,
which runne most pleafantly.
And when I feel any want,
then doth he me home take;
Conducting me in the right pathes,
even for his owne names sake.
And though I were ovun at deaths dore,
yet will I feare none ill.
For with thy rod and shepherd crook,
I am comforted full.
Thou hast my table richly deckt
In despite of my foe:
Thou hast my bed with balme refresh't,
my cup doth overflow.
An finally while breath doth last
use grace shall me defend:
And in the house of God will I
my life forever spend.

Dollars and sense are often strangers
to each other.

SILENT LIVES.

Is he the only hero—whose deeds
Are writ on this world's records? Whose
great name
Is hallowed with the splendid light of Fame?
He thinks that if one heart in silence bleeds
For grief o'er frail humanity's dire needs—
That earnestly to purify from shame
One fallen soul, to right one wrong, one
blame,
To bring the flowers of good from out the
weeds
Of one poor, downcast life—to him the
crown
Of higher honors than the conqueror's lays
Shall be awarded. His nobler place,
The loftier rank, the holier renown—
For, step by step, his unmiss'd, simple ways
Shall lead him upward till he see God's face.
—C. R. Crespi.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Original Western settlers—Pistols and
knives.—Waterloo Observer.

There's one line that every woman de-
lights to hang on—masculine.—Waterloo
Observer.

Nine society girls out of ten are in
love with a nohle, boodle or pooodle.—
Boston Post.

A puppy's joke is not very funny, but
there is something waggish about a dog's tail.
—Texas Sittings.

It is not the change of scene that cures
so many traveling invalids. It is ab-
sence from the doctor.

He saved, and he saved, and he saved,
Economic, cool Mr. Bluff,
And when he had got all he craved
It went to his wife's second husband.
—Courier-Journal.

You can save off a troublesome credit-
or and even procrastinate hunger
somewhat by tightening the belt, but
you can't shirk a sneeze.—Chicago Lek-
ger.

Some of the poet Willis' best lines
were written in his boarding house.
They were tender lines probably. They
are always good in a boarding house.—
Tuck.

"Let go my ear," yelled a passenger
on a West Side street car yesterday. "I
bez your parlor," said the other man,
"I thought I had hold of the strap."
—Chicago Herald.

If a man wants a sack of flour, or
something in a bottle to put on sore
feet, he can send for it, but for knowl-
edge, or a hair cut, he must go himself.—
Chicago Ledger.

A North Carolina negro went right on
playing the fiddle after a bullet had
been fired into his brain. Exasperated
people will hereafter fire at the fiddle.—
Indianapolis Journal.

A correspondent asks: "Can you in-
form me how to get fat?" Certainly,
buy a five-dollar horse and wagon and go
around to the back doors after it.—
Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Young ladies who will not marry when
they have a chance Miss it.—Exchange.

No doubt of it. But what are they to
do? When one accepts an offer she generally
Mrs. it too.—Boston Post.

A Brooklyn clergyman says that
liquors may soon be sold in skating rinks
and then "the result will be disastrous."
We should say so. It is hard enough
for a sober man to stand up.—Call.

An article in a New England paper is
headed "How to Reach Young Men."
The fathers of several marriageable
daughters in this city have adopted the
plan of reaching them with a boot.—
Tuck.

A new book is entitled "How I Made
Money at Home." We advise our read-
ers to have nothing to do with it. Three
men were arrested a few days ago for
making money at home.—Norristown
Herald.

A LEGAL OATH.

"Do you," said Bessie O'ather day,
"I earnest love me, as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, dear girl," cried I, "forbear,
I'm not this easy in the state."
She stopped me as the oath I took,
And cried, "You've sworn—now kiss the
book."
—Statesman.

Dr. M. E. Wadsworth says the earth
has a "heterogeneous viscid, elastic,
liquid interior, irregularly interlocked
with and gradually passing into a lighter
heterogeneous crust." That is a good
definition of a custard pie.—Derriek.

Hazeltine, the spirit runner, advertises
to teach the "Art of Self-defense." Per-
haps, after all, the theory of putting
100 yards between yourself and assailant
in eleven seconds is about as effectual a
system of self-defense as could be de-
vised.—San Francisco Post.

WARM WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Soon will the festive bumble bee
His little carol sing,
And polish up right carefully
The waxen wings of his
Soon will the small fly seek the wood
To climb his favorite tree,
And in a happy, careless mood
Pursue that self-same bee.
Then will that blissful bee be turned
Cause that same loyal to scud
To where he can relieve the burn
By plastering with mud.
—Puck.

A man never begins to find out how
little he knows about domestic matters
until his wife asks him to keep his eye
upon the baby, and to see that a pan of
melted butter is kept stirred, while she
goes into the attic to look through her
rag bag.—Fall River Advance.

"Jimmy, my child," the fond mother
exclaimed, "don't eat so much of that
lobster salad. You'll be ill to-night,
dear; I know you will." "Well, ma,"
said Jimmy, as he helped himself to
another plateful, "if I am you'll know
what's the matter with me, anyhow."
—Somerville Journal.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."
There's music now heard in the morning
Brings out the light-colored molasses
And the melody made by the flap-knives,
As they sizzle and sing on the griddle.
And 'tis now that the boarding house mis-
sus,
The hearts of her boarders to chirrup,
Brings out the light-colored molasses
And serves it as "pure maple syrup."
And the boarders, confiding and trustful,
Partake of the saccharine staple
With quite as much relish and gusto
As if 'twere the pure sap of the maple.
—Boston Courier.

An English clergyman recently per-
formed 108 baptisms and nine marriages
on one Sunday.

DOG TEAMS IN SIBERIA.

Engineer McMillan, of the lost Jean-
nette, in his book describing the search
for Commander DeLong, thus tells how
the native Yakuts cover long distances
by aid of dog teams: There are inter-
esting descriptions of the huts of these
Yakuts, their mode of life, their food
and manners, which are too highly
flavored to quote. Their mode of con-
veyance by dog teams is worth a few
words. "There were eleven dogs in
our team, the largest weighing about
forty-five and the lightest about twenty-
five pounds, and they make the icy air
resound with their discordant solos and
chorus. I seated myself sideways on the
sleds in full cry, all yelping, and
snapping and barking and baying and
yelping, and their heads down and
flashing their eyes and their teeth
and their tongues. They were consider-
ably more tractable after their first
beating, and ran along at a more even
pace, following the leaders, who in turn
were guided and governed by Va-
ill's word of command.

"Directly the dogs had out-
lived their excitement and settled strictly to their
work, they looked beautifully pre-
pared, with heads down and snappings
and tails up and wagging, while only an oc-
casional yelp burst from their ranks as
they scudded along the ravines and over
rivers, taking the top of the hard snow
at about six miles an hour. After a run
of an hour or less the dogs are usually
checked to a stop and permitted to rest;
whereupon they stroll around and rub
the rim of their eyes and their ears and
from their heads, and then stretching
out, lick their paws, which soon become
very sore from travel. A team can sel-
dom endure more than ten days' con-
tinuous work, for, no matter how well
fed, the feet wear out and bleed, and
the dogs are shortly so enfeebled as to
be almost useless. A native will not
voluntarily drive his team two days in suc-
cession, the custom being to travel one
day and rest the next."

A Nation of Egg Eaters.

"There are at least 50,000 eggs
consumed daily in the United States,"
said a wholesale dealer near Washington
market, New York, to a reporter for the
Mail and Express. "That's over 4,000,
000 dozen and at an average price will
amount to at least \$80,000. Think of
the ordinary and business activity required
to handle this enormous quantity. The
American people are egg eaters. As a
general thing the supply is equal to the
demand, but about three years ago late
after January, we ran ashore on domestic
eggs. What was the result? Europe
began to ship us pickled eggs by the
millions. Shiploads came over. Prices
went down, and the European pickled
eggs at fourteen cents a dozen became
immensely popular. This almost ruined
our home egg market. During the
months of April and May the eggs are
picked by means of a solution of lime
water. They are kept until November
and December and then come in to
lower the market. Fresh eggs, though,
are worth thirty cents a dozen."
"Where do the eggs in the United
States principally come from?"
"From Jersey, Delaware, Virginia,
North and South Carolina and Maryland.
The Western States of course furnish
large quantities, but not so much as the
States mentioned. Nineteen million
two hundred thousand eggs were ship-
ped from Europe to this country since
the first of April to September. They
came from Belgium, Copenhagen, Ham-
burg and the greatest egg mart in the
world, Antwerp. But all these Euro-
pean eggs are pickled, and although
not half so good as the fresh, yet they
have the effect of lowering the prices.
All of the necessary in Germany, Bel-
gium and Holland raise large quantities
of fowl. But in the United States a
few farmers only pay attention to the
industry."

Dollars and sense are often strangers
to each other.

THE NEW TESTAMENT OF THE 11TH CENTURY—SOME COMPUTATIONS.

In the window of A. Wanless, the
well-known Woodstock antique and
modern book collector, is now ex-
hibited a rare old Bible, which some time
ago came into his possession. It is
bound with time and worn by its
struggles through 300 years of exist-
ence. It had worn out its first binding
thirty years after it was published, but
the heavy leather one that replaced it
has withstood two centuries and a half.
It is dilapidated and rather rusty and
there is a great breach in the back, but
it looks good for a number of years yet
to come. The title page reads:

THE NEWE TESTAMENT
Of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Conferred diligently with
the Greek original, and translated
transliterations in divers languages.
Imprinted at London
By the Deputies of Christoffe Barker,
Printer to the Queen's Majesty.
1589.

The title page is surrounded by en-
gravings of quaint figures, angels, just
men made perfect, etc.

The book is an English translation of
what is known as the Geneva Bible,
from having been first published at
Geneva. It was published in 1589 and
is nearly three hundred years old. The
earliest English Bible was the Coverdale,
translated from the "Douch and Lat'n"
and published on the continent in 1535.
This book is but fifty-four years its
junior, and five years older than the
Bishop Bible, so-called, with which it
has sometimes been confounded. It is
printed in heavy old English type, and
is what is called a "black letter" Bible.
Some of the vagaries of translation are
shown by this comparison of a few
verses from Ecclesiastes, chapter iii., as
published in the Geneva and the ordinary
King James version:

GENEVA. 18. I entered in. 18. I said in mine
mine heart the fate of heart concerning the
children of men, estate of the sons of
that God had purged away, that I might
manifest them, and that they might see
that they themselves
are beasts.

19. As the one dyeth. 19. For that which
dieth he other; for befallth the sons of
they have all one misdeed, both beasts;
and there is no even one thing befall-
excellence of maneth them; as the one
above the beast, for dieth dieth the other;
yet they have all one
breath; so that a man
hath no pre-eminence
above a beast; for all
is vanity.

20. All go to one. 20. All go unto one
place, and was of the place: all are of the
dust and in full cry, all turn to
turn to the dust.

21. Who knoweth. 21. Who knoweth
whether the spirit of the spirit of man that
man ascend upward, and the
and the spirit of the spirit of the beast that
beast defende down, goeth downward to
ward to the earth: the earth: Whereof
I have not knowledge. Therefore I have
there is nothing is nothing better than
better than that a man that a man should
rejoice in his living, much of his own
affairs, because that for that is his portion;
is his portion. For for who shall bring
who shall fee what he sees to see what shall
shall be after him. He after him, he after
him.

These celebrated verses from that mag-
nificent poem of the twilight of history,
the book of Job, will hardly be recog-
nized by those who are familiar with the
King James version:

Canst thou binde the unicorn with his
bande to labour in the furrow; or will he
plow the valleys after thee?
Canst thou draw out Luthian with an
hook, and with a line which thou shalt cast
down into his mire; canst thou pierce his
jaws with an angle?

And these from chapter xxxviii. are
scarcely less altered:

28. Who is the father of the rain, or who
hath begotten the droppes of the dew.
29. The winds are his ministers, and
the face of the depth is frozen.
31. Canst thou refrain the sweet influences
of the Pleiades; or loofe the bands of Orion.
When the Bible was rebounded early
in the seventeenth century there was bound
with it one of the earliest editions of
metrical Psalms. This portion of the
volume is very quaint, and although it is
considerably younger than the remainder
of the book it looks just about as an-
tiquated and rusty. It was printed in
1612 at London. The title page runs as
follows, although the appearance of the
page cannot be expressed in nineteenth
century type:

THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS,
collected into English meter
By THOMAS STERNHELD, John Hopkins,
and others, conferred with the Hebrew,
and set to new tunes, and after Ser-
S; forth and allowed to be sung in all
churches of all the people together, before
and after morning and evening pray-
er, also to be used in all other assem-
blies, and moreover in private
houses, for their Godly solace
and comfort. Printed by I. Blagden, at
all vngolly Songs and
Ballads, which thead
only to the nourish-
ment of the soules,
and not to the corrupting of
youth.

COLOSSIANS. III.—Let the word of God
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